



Carl Larsen's



The Stainless Steel Incubus



I: Advertisement For An Android


1.

The wise and docile
friendly father-face
stares out (full page)
at all the unawakened world
from morning Times.

...a New York Doctor's
Daring, Frank, Revealing
Book on the Machinery
of Love...


it says. A quiet introduction
to the things to come, imbued
Security for Psychopath,
the knowledge that now everything
we've called to ken
is charted on a graph.





A simple advertisement
in the best of taste

I find that when
I fold the paper flat,
his nose is pressed against
the crossword puzzle.



2.

You'll Softly Sell me
soap and whiskey,
Ballantine
Stretch-E-Zee bras,
or O-Do-Ro-No
for my stinking pits.
I'll buy and buy,
my eyes grown large
with Greed and Ownership
as I sing 'Merica,
America!

(Send no more surplus wheat
to Greece: they're homosexed
out there, I hear)

but Love's machinery?
A penis made of finest
stainless-steel, perhaps?
Or else (or plus)
a robot woman, matched
to fit my moods (and after
careful fitting, tailored
to my manhood, designed to
flex at any angle?)



Don't sell me love.
The price is high enough
without your help.

3.

**U. S. INGENUITY REVEALS
AN END TO DOMESTICITY!**

the Christian Science Monitor
proclaims.

ROBOT SEX BILL PASSED

the Kansas City Star
reports.

PUSH BUTTON PASSION!

roar the headlines in the
peasant press.

GOD HAS HAD IT!

snicker weighty monthlies,
licking their now-withered
chops.

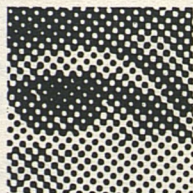
**PREZ SEZ:
SEX REX**

and even Show-Biz papers
have to make a dime.

4.

The crowd is restless
all around the shop
awaiting Opening.
Greasy mechanics leer;
inside, they know
the intimates.
Involuntarily, a cheer
fills up the narrow street:
the Happy Lover Haven's
brought to life.

The doors
(shaped vulva-like)
slide back.



The Wormwood Review exchanges issues with the following little magazines and presses — all of whom deserve larger audiences.

Alphabet, 276 Huron St., London, Ontario, Canada
American Weave, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Heights 18, Ohio
Approach, 114 Petrie Ave., Rosemont, Pa.
The Beloit Poetry Journal, Box 2, Beloit, Wisconsin
Bitterroot, 5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, New York
Black Cat Review, 348 W. Highland Ave., San Bernardino, California
The Carleton Miscellany, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.
Chat Noir Review, 1354 North Sedgwick St., Chicago 11, Illinois
Chicago Literary Times (Literary Times), Box 4327, Chicago 7, Illinois
Choice (Chicago Choice) Box 1359, Chicago 90, Illinois
The Creative Review, Box 564, Eugene, Oregon, 97401
Descant, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth 29, Texas
The Dubliner, No. 3, T.C.D., Dublin 2, Ireland
Elizabeth, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York
Epos, Crescent City, Florida
Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico
Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, California
Icarus, 3 Trinity College, Dublin 2, Ireland
Lynx, 300 Broadway, Plainview, Texas
Motive, Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.
Mummy, 79 Liberty St., San Francisco 10, Calif.
Northeast, Box 502, Waterville, Maine
The Outsider, 618 Rue Ursulines, New Orleans 16, La.
Plumed Horn, Apartado Postal No. 26546, Mexico 13, D.F.
Poetry Northwest, Univ. of Washington, Seattle 5, Washington
Quagga, P. O. Box 7591, University Station, Austin 12, Texas
Sciamachy, 1096 Elm St., Winnetka, Illinois
Semina, 10426 Crater Lane, Los Angeles 24, California
Seven Poets Press, 620 East 6th. St. (#3), New York 9, New York
The Sixties, Odin House, Madison, Wisconsin
South and West, 2601 South Phoenix, Fort Smith, Arkansas
The Sparrow Magazine, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, Indiana
Statements, 1017 Fifth Ave., Iowa City, Iowa
Targets, Casabuelo, Sandia Park, New Mexico
Trace, P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, California
Voices (Michigan's Voices), 716 Holland Ave., Saginaw, Michigan

and last, but not least — the index card was displaced:

Midwest, 289 East 148th. St., Harvey, Illinois AND:
Interim Books, Box 35 Village Station, New York 14, New York

Each of the above magazines has a unique "personality" — this is the strength of the true "little magazine." Certain sponsored magazines have been trying to convince themselves and the public that they are little magazines and hence deserving of the mantle of "glorious irresponsible—responsibility" common to the true little magazines. Amusing? With certain of the above, Wormwood feels a distinct rapport, but Wormwood does not condemn the others. These are changing times, and only history can indicate which ones were most vital — but this supposes an interested and actively discriminating audience now! We must have a slogan? OK. "Think big — buy LITTLE magazines, you'll be glad-sad-mad you did."

RECEIVED BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY

TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY
SUBJECT: [Illegible]
[Illegible text follows, appearing to be a memorandum or report.]

TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

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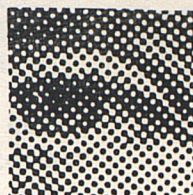
TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE ARMY
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SUBJECT: [Illegible]

Women, good for just
one purpose
for ten thousand years,
are good for nothing,
now.

5.

Lovely android women
fill the streets.

(She shops!
She cleans!
She cooks
Your beans!)



Their owners -- bachelors
at first, the married
men by tons -- smile happily.

(She soothes
your brow!
And she
knows how!)

A snowball rises from
the dust.
You can't stop Progress
any more
than you can say
what Progress is.

6.

A woman Congressman
speaks up:
Play Fair, You Guys!
Give us Ladies
Robot Men!

(We want the wise and
docile, friendly-virile-
father type.)

And she is heard,
and industries
spring up.

A businessman in Iowa comes up
with one self-centering:
Can't Skid Around, he claims,
and is deluged.

(Nylon construction
out-does rubber. Gives
you longer, safer wear,
increase your mileage!
Better traction, everywhere!)

The government appropriates
a billion for Research.

7.

And Sex, at last,
is a Monopoly -- No
Moving Parts, It Can't
Break Down, with
friction-proofing oil.

It's U. S. Steel behind
it all, some say,
and don't forget
Shell Oil -- and I. B. M.!

(Ball--bearings cranky,
Buddy? Our new model's
got fourteen transistors,
guaranteed for 30 days!)

The gossip runs, but
everyone is pleased.
They don't know what
to do.

(The miners are starving.
The farmers are rich.
The Martians are coming.
My wife is a bitch.)

8.

The word gets out that
everybody makes a buck on Sex.
Obstetrics

now is metrics,
dealing with a quarter-inch.

(Chrome front,
rear-safety-guards,
a tapered tail
gives air-tight fit)

The International Cartel
gets fat, the farthest thing
from pregnancy. A world
runs riot:

everybody gets a piece
of Peace.

9.

The machinery
of love
grinds on.

There is no war.
The rebels die of grief.

The marriage-brokers
lay aside the phrase,
take up the turning
of a lathe.

The fringe of lunatics
take unaccustomed glee
just Following

the Simple Instructions
Printed on the Box.

Do-it-yourself Lobotomy
is next.

II: Leah

1.

I will touch
your sleeping hours